

WILLIS's ROOMS.

No. X.

Harrison and Knyvett's Vocal Concert.

THURSDAY, April 25, 1793.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mr. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT,
Mr. HINDLE, Mr. SALE, Mr. BARTLEMAN,
Mr. KNYVETT, Jun. Mr. GORE, Mr. RENNOLDSON,
Mr. BELLAMY, Jun. Mr. PAGE, Mr. COOKE,
Mr. SALMON, Mr. HOBLER, Mr. GUICHARD,
Mr. DANBY, Mr. CHRISTIAN, Mr. WEBBE,
Mrs. DUSSEK, }
Miss POOLE, } alternately
Masters KNYVETT, DANBY, SALE, and PRING;
And Mrs. HARRISON.

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

VIOLINS.	TENORS.	HORNS.
Mr. Mountain,	Mr. R. Ashley,	Mess. Leander,
Mr. Mahon,	Mr. Lyon, Sen.	OBOES.
Mr. Lavenu,	VIOLONCELLOS.	Mr. Foster,
Mr. Pilotti,	Signor Sperati,	Mr. Dickenson,
Mr. Agus,	Monf. Limardine,	BASSOONS.
Mr. Fife,	DOUBLE BASS.	Mr. Holmes,
Mr. Lyon, jun.	Mr. Boyce.	Mr. Lyon.
Mr. Cantelo.		

And GRAND PIANO FORTE, (the Patent one of Longman and Broderip.)
Mr. KNYVETT.

LONDON:

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1793.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, BACH.GLEE, 3 Voices, and CHORUS. *Purcel.*

MAY the god of wit inspire
 The Sacred Nine to bear a part,
 And the blessed heav'nly choir
 Shew the utmost of their art:
 Whilst echo shall in sounds remote,
 Repeat each note—repeat each note.

NEW GLEE, 3 Voices. *J. S. Smith.*

(THE COUNTRY MAID, a Pastoral, by Miss SEWARD.)

I.

An easy heart adorns the vale,
 And gilds the lonely plain,
 No sighs of mine increase the gale,
 No flowing tears the rain.
 From happy dreams the orient beams
 Awake my soul to pleasure;
 With cheek that glows, I milk my cows,
 And bless the flowing treasure.

II.

A maple dish, a cedar spoon,
 Seem fair and sweet to me,
 When on a violet bank at noon,
 I sit and dine with glee:
 From chrystal rill my cup I fill,
 And praise the bounteous giver,
 Nor with the great would change my state,
 But dwell in vales for ever.

III.

Now homeward my pleas'd steps I bend,
 To yonder ivy'd cottage,
 Where parents dear and gentle friend
 Prepare the savoury pottage:
 The wholesome fare, the pious prayer
 Conclude my day so pleasant;
 Ye rich and proud, confess aloud,
 Right happy such a peasant.

GLEE, 3 Voices. *Callcott.*

(FROM OSSIAN.)

Peace to the souls of the heroes;
 Their deeds were great in fight;
 Let them ride around me on clouds,
 Let them shew their features in war:
 My soul then shall be firm in danger,
 And mine arm like the thunder of Heaven.
 But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna!
 Near the window of my rest,
 When my thoughts are of peace,
 When the din of arms is past

SONG, Mrs. HARRISON. (*By Desire.*)*Harrison.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

O'er hill and valley, dell and glade,
 When May her vernal tints display'd,
 ANNA, in youth and beauty blest,
 Thus the hov'ring Lark address'd:—

AIR.

Hail! happy warbler, ever gay!
 For ANNA tune thy vocal lay!
 And while thou wing'st thy airy flight,
 Let thy sweet song my soul delight.

Come lovely minstrel, quit the plain,
 My cot shall yield thee better grain;
 My hand shall daily give thee fare,
 And thy sweet note repay my care.

No wirey cell shall thee restrain,
 Free, as when on the flow'ry plain;
 Gay, as when poiz'd aloft in air;
 So light, sweet bird, shall be thy care.

Stop, little bird, thy airy flight,
 And with thy song my soul delight!
 Thy notes shall lull my soul to rest,
 And check the sigh that rends my breast.

CATCH, in 4 Parts. *Dr. Arne.*

Buz, quoth the blue-fly, hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry, and so do we;
In his ear, in his nose, thus do you see,
He eat the dormouse, else it was he.

Selection from the Music in The TEMPEST.

AIR, Master KNYVETT. *Purcel.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And there take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark!
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of Chanticleer!

AIR, Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Smith.*

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones is coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell!

QUARTETTO, Mrs. HARRISON, Master KNYVETT,
Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.
(Air by *Dr. Arne*, harmonized by *Jackson*)

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On a bat's back do I fly
After sunset merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run
 By the triple Hecate's beam
 From the presence of the sun,
 Follow darkness as a dream.
 Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough briar,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire:—
 Merrily, merrily, shall we live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

NEW BALLAD, (by Desire) Master KNYVETT.

In the dead of the night, when with labour oppress'd,
 All mortals enjoy the sweet blessing of rest;
 A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise,
 Who is it, I said, that my rest thus destroys?

He answer'd so softly, so gently, so mild,
 I am a poor little unfortunate child,
 It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,
 And I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
 I open'd the door, when a boy appear'd in sight,
 He had wings at his shoulders, the rain from them dripp'd,
 And with a bow and arrow, the boy was equipp'd.

I stir'd up my fire, set him down by my side,
 And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd,
 I chaf'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
 And with my hand I wrung the wet from his hair.

No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
 Then taking up his bow, said, Madam, if you please,
 If you please I would fain, by experiment know,
 If the rain has not damag'd the string of my bow.

Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 Which aiming at my heart, twang went the yew!
 My bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my dart,
 But you will find some trouble in bearing the smart.

GLEE, 4 Voices, and *CHORUS*. *Webbe.*

Since *HARMONY* deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,
Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly swell;
Intreat her to visit us here ev'ry night,
And thus by her presence diffuse new delight.
And since she such mirth and such pleasure can bring,
Let us Io Paean repeatedly sing.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

FOURTH CONCERTO, *AVISON.*

GLEE, 5 Voices, and *CHORUS*. *J. S. Smith.*

Written by *MILTON.*

BLEST pair of Sirens! pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters! *VOICE* and *VERSE*!
Wed your divine sounds and mixt power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rai'd phantasia present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
As sung before the saphire colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With faintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly
What we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O! may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God e'er long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Webbe.*

(Written by Mr. HAYLEY.)

From glaring shew and giddy noise,
 The pleasures of the vain,
 Take me, ye soft and silent joys,
 To your retreats again.

Be mine ye cool, ye peaceful groves,
 Whose shades to love belong;
 Where Echo, as she fondly roves,
 Repeats my Stella's song.

Ah! Stella, why should I depart
 From solitude and thee?
 When in that solitude thou art
 A perfect world to me!

GLEE, 4 Voices. Air by *Giardini*, harmonized by *Harrison*.

(Written by GARRICK.)

I.

For me, my FAIR a wreath has wove,
 Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
 As oft she kiss'd this gift of LOVE,
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

II.

A bee within a damask rose
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
 And fixes on LOUISA'S LIP.

III.

There, tasting all the sweets of spring,
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
 The ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey flew away.

SONG. Mrs. DUSSEK. *Sarti.*

Un amanti sventurato,
Non si trovà al par di me,
Il mio ben mi chiama ingrato
Ma la colpa mia dovè.
Ah! fei pur tiranno amor,
Sei tu rendi a un fido core
Così barbaro dolor.

NEW ROUND, in 3 Parts. *Atterbury.*

(Composed expressly for these Concerts.)

Lads and lasses hither come,
Here's the tabor, pipe, and drum;
Hark! the merry peal so gay,
'Tis Florella's wedding day;
Nimbly trip it, swift advance
Mingle in the sprightly dance.

GLEE, 4 Voices. *Dr. Cooke.*

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies,
And winking mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes,
With ev'ry thing that pretty is, my lady sweet arise.

GLEE, 3 Voices, and CHORUS, *Atterbury.*

Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, happy meet again.

FINIS.

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A NEW EDITION OF

THE FAVORITE GLEES,

Composed for the VOCAL CONCERTS 1792.

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